

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Where Jesus Dwells

Child: Dear mother, say where Jesus dwells,—
Dwells He in Heaven above,
Or dwells He on this earth of ours?
Where is His home of love?

Mother: Sweet child of mine, dear Jesus dwells
In Heaven and here below:
He dwells with Angels, dwells with men,
With love for all aglow.

In Heaven He sits at God's right hand,
The Father's well-loved Son:
There countless spirits Him adore
While age on age doth run.

And in this vale of tears He dwells
In tabernacle lone:
And from the Sacred Host consoles
All who in sorrow groan.

Yea more, in every human heart,
Which gladly bears the load
Of His sweet cross for His sweet sake,
He takes up His abode.

Mark then, my child, Heaven's every place
Where dwells our Saviour blest—
Be it on Godhead's Throne, or where
His Heart in heart finds rest.

Child: Ah, now I know where Jesus dwells,
And Heaven my heart can be.
Dwell, Jesus, in my little heart,—
I give it all to Thee.

—N. J. Cotter, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

THE CHILDREN OF MARTYRS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"The K. K. K.'s indeed! Let wan of thim white-hooded blaguards set his dirty fut inside my place, an' I'll show 'im!"

"Ah, go along with you, Peter Brogan! They're not afraid of the likes of you," said Father Casey. "Don't they know—and that is what makes them so bold—that Catholics are the greatest cowards on earth?"

"Cowards, is it! What ar-re ye sayin' at all, Father Tim! Didn't our ancesters die for the faith, an'—"

"I'm not talking about our ancestors; I'm talking about ourselves. And to show that I am not arguing from hearsay, I shall take my own home as an example. You knew it, Peter, and I daresay, you will concede that it was as good as the average Catholic home."

"It was that—and betther! Your father, God rest his soul, was a prince. Manny a time—"

"Then listen to what happened even in a model Catholic home. The identical experience is duplicated in numberless others. Hence I say that Catholics are cowards.

"It was the Sunday before Ash Wednesday and shortly after my twenty-first birthday. Good old Father Gallahue, a man of God if ever there was one, had told us at both Masses that voluntary mortification is necessary; necessary, because God commands it; necessary, because it atones for our past sins; necessary, because it gives strength and control over our senses to resist temptation; necessary, because it unites us more closely to our suffering Saviour and His sorrowful Mother. It was not his eloquence—poor man, he had none—that impressed us. But while he was so earnestly begging us 'to remember all the dear God suffered for the love of us, and to suffer some little thing for Him during the holy season consecrated to the memory of His bitter passion,' we were thinking of the two bare rooms behind the sacristy where our Pastor lived and the scanty meals he ate after giving the most and the best to God's poor and the long hours he spent in prayer in the cold church. And that thought made his halting repetitions sink deeply into our hearts. As a result, when we sat down to our tempting

Sunday dinner, we were all in quite a penitential mood. Of course, this was neither the day nor the place for penance, but 'during Lent' the Casey house—which, if I do say it myself that shouldn't, was celebrated near and far for plenty and good cheer—was going to be a close rival of the desert hermitages of the ancient monks.

"I, of course, was going to 'fast.' Was I not a man—twenty-one years of age—and therefore equipped with the strength of will and powers of physical endurance to face this tremendous ordeal? I smiled with lofty condescension on my brother Michael who, not yet having come to man's estate, must perforce content himself with abstaining from candy. Tom, who worked in the bank and played full-back in St. Mary's cup-winning football eleven, did not share my exhilaration about the approaching martyrdom. He was twenty-four and had thrice, since he was 'obliged to fast,' passed through the penitential season. I do not say that he had actually fasted, but he came so near to it once or twice, before he found an excusing cause, that he grew hungry every time he thought of it. Dad worked in the rolling mill, and of course he couldn't fast. But he was going to quit smoking.

" 'A man can make at last that little sacrifice durin' the holy saison of Lenth,' he observed.

"Mary Ellen, Tom's twin, didn't have to give up candy, because she was a regular faster—at least she was going to be one *this* year.

"All in all, it was a profoundly ascetical family that sat around the excellent dinner in the Casey home that Sunday before Ash Wednesday. We were fully determined to reduce our plump bodies by the grilling process of self-starvation—and what is more, we were almost jubilant about it.

"Monday the jubilee feature was less in evidence. Tuesday it was gone. Grim determination replaced it—except that when somebody would casually remark, 'Tomorrow is Ash Wednesday,' I thought I could notice a look of panic fear in Tom's eyes.

"It came! Just as the day of execution comes to the man in the death cell, so to us came the first of those forty gruesome days of voluntary, self-inflicted mortification. We had steeled ourselves against it as best we might. The Shrove Tuesday supper had been a banquet, and the lunch before going to bed had been another. Michael had gorged himself with candy to such an extent that I saw mother glancing anxiously towards the medicine chest. At exactly one minute before

midnight, Dad had knocked the ashes from his pipe and reverently put it behind the clock for its forty days of solitude and inaction.

"But for all our preparations, Ash Wednesday dawned on us like the Day of Doom! The first thought that came with awakening consciousness was: No breakfast this morning! My imagination worked so rapidly and so effectively that I believed I was hungry already. Later I was taking a stealthy look in the mirror to see whether I had grown noticeably thinner, when I remembered that I had not yet been fasting but was only about to begin.

"My athletic brother Tom was accustomed to greet each rosy morn by throwing open the bedroom windows—nearly freezing me—and writhing through his 'daily dozen,' taking such deep and noisy breaths and expelling them with such explosive suddenness, that I was always reminded of a freight climbing Hallicy's Hill. But none of that on Ash Wednesday! I opened my eyes to see who might be the old man dragging himself about our room with such feeble steps. It was Tom! He answered my questioning look with a sickly grin:

"Don't waste your energy, kid. Then you won't feel the fasting so much. Go easy,' he said.

"We weren't down stairs two minutes before we felt that it was the open season for mortification—everybody trying to mortify everybody else. Mother and the cat had had a difference of opinion. That was clear, for Tabby was perched on top of the clothes-line pole, his tail bushed out the size of his body, and a mop handle was lying at the foot of his citadel. Sis had tears in her eyes, and Sis doesn't cry unless somebody has been pretty cross with her. Mary Ellen was scolding Michael; and Michael wasn't hearing a word she said; he was too busy thinking up some new deviltry. Dad is ordinarily the kindest of men, but he just couldn't keep his eyes off the clock. Every time he looked at the clock, he thought of his pipe, and every time he thought of his pipe, he got madder. I congratulated myself that I was keeping my own temper remarkably well, considering my surroundings and the fact that I still had thirty-nine and three-fourths days of fasting and penance before me, until that imp of a Michael pointed at the tiny piece of dry bread which was to be my only sustenance till noon, and snickered:

"Gee whizz, Tim, ya call that two ounces! 'T looks more like a pound!"

"Well he could talk, the young rascal—starting out the day with a full meal, while I had to go hungry! There were only a few years difference between us. If anything he was the stronger. Yet here he could take all the food he desired, while I must suffer from the throes of starvation. Something funny about that law of the Church on fasting, I thought! But anyway, that same Michael was the first to fall. The Finnigan boy gave him a handful of gum drops, and he ate them. When Mother caught him at it, he said:

"'Aw shucks, Ma, it isn't wrong for me! It'd be diffurnt if I was twenty-one and had to fast. Anyhow it'd be a sin to throw the candy away.'

"In those days the principal meal was taken at noon. We were all home for it, and we all did ample justice to it. I couldn't say we enjoyed it—the occasion was far too serious for that. Only one-fourth of a meal for supper tonight! Only an insignificant two ounces of dry bread for breakfast tomorrow! This single dinner must do the work of three—must keep soul and body together for twenty-four long, hungry hours—it was our sole lease on life! We devoured it in the same spirit that one would buckle on his life belt before leaving a sinking ship. Speaking of ships, we took enough on board to almost sink one, and we experienced the natural discomfort which followed. I must say, though, that I admired Dad. When he pushed back his chair at the end of the meal and unconsciously thrust his hand into the pocket where the pipe ought to be, he gave one look at the clock, then grabbed his hat and rushed back to the mill. There was something of the hero in Dad.

"The supper table that night was our Waterloo. Mary Ellen was bold about it. As she unblushingly took her second helping, she remarked:

"'Wednesday is wash day in this house this week. And no woman alive could wash for this crowd on one meal a day.'

"Tom was hesitating. Even when he succumbed and held out his plate to Mother, I could see that he was ashamed of himself.

"'Father Gallahue said if I found it too hard, I could say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys instead,' he explained, and Mother filled his plate with steaming potatoes.

"As for myself, I was famishing—and in the midst of plenty! I could never have imagined that eight ounces, or one-fourth of a meal,

could be so little. I had gulped it down, even adding a bit for good measure, and it didn't seem to go anywhere. The aching void within me remained both void and aching. I remembered that tea does not break the fast. I turned to tea. I consumed tea until Mother looked at me in alarm, but it seemed only to increase my hunger. There are limits to what flesh and blood can endure. I left the table hungry but determined. I would see Father Gallahue that very night.

"I saw him—just before he came out to give us ashes. Good Father Gallahue, how I blessed his wisdom and prudence! He seemed to grasp my condition even before I had explained it to him—how I had had an attack of Russian Influenza two years before and perhaps had not yet fully recovered from the after effects—how I suffered from an abnormal craving for food which might be due to some insidious internal complication—how I felt I ought, in conscience, try to keep up my powers of resistance by a plentiful and wholesome diet, and the like.

"On the way home, I whispered to Mother: Father Gallahue let me off! She understood my delicacy of feeling and waited until the others were putting away their wraps before she beckoned me into the pantry. Giving me a knife and pointing to the butter crock, the rye bread, and the graham crackers, she left me to my own devices. I have attended famous banquets in my time, but never one that tasted half so good as that lunch in the pantry on Ash Wednesday night.

"We all went to bed early—all but Dad and Mother. It must have been midnight when I awoke. What was that? Could the house be on fire? I crept softly to the bannister and peeped over. Through the open door of the living room, I could see them—Mother chatting away in her bright earnest manner, and Dad leaning back in the big rocker with the pipe between his teeth. The way the smoke was coming out of that pipe was a caution! It reminded me of the tall chimney at the rolling mills.

"And so there you are, Peter Brogan! A model Catholic family, if you please! The law of God and the Church commands it; their own faith and common sense urge it; and yet they're afraid of a fast day—scared half to death at the very thought of a tiny bit of self-inflicted restraint—throwing down their arms in panic-stricken retreat at one little cry of distress from their pampered bodies! Am I wrong in calling them cowards? What else are they?"

"Not heroes, bedad!" said Brogan.

"I didn't mention Sis, because she was a solitary exception, and therefore didn't really count. She clerked in a dry goods store, and in those days that meant from half-past eight in the morning until ten at night. With Father Gallahue's permission, she fasted strictly every Lent from the time she was eighteen until she left for the convent. But she was a frail looking little body, though hardy as a weed, and maybe she didn't crave food so much as the rest of us."

A troubled cloud darkened Peter Brogan's face.

"Nex' Winsda' is Ash Winsda!" he said.

Then suddenly the cloud was dissipated by the reflected light of a happy thought.

"The K. K. K.'s indeed! Let wan of thim white-hooded blaguards set his dirty fut inside my place, an' I'll show 'im!"

THE SUBSTITUTION

The game was nearing the end. The situation was tense. Both elevens had struggled valiantly up and down the gridiron, neither being able to score. Suddenly a substitute steps out from the side-lines; the play is halted; the transfer made; and the game goes on. A signal—a sudden shift in the playing positions, the flash of a ball through the air—shouts of acclamation from twenty-five thousand spectators, followed by a universal groan. The ball falls short, right into the arms of an opponent. In a few minutes the game is over—lost. The substitute had failed.

The game of life is on—just begun. But in the preliminary struggle of early years—just as tense and just as important as the struggles of the years that are to come—a substitution is made. The home has transferred its primary obligation of supervising the education of the child, to the school. The substitution spells defeat. Then, as "America" pointedly remarks, "The modern home does the expected thing and blames the school for a wrecked character."

Home influence does not necessitate wealth nor social position nor political standing; but it does imperatively demand character. The formation of character in its earliest, and consequently its most impressionable and most important period belongs to the home. There can be no substitution.

Let the Little Ones Come Unto Me

EDUCATIONAL RIGHTS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Education is the preparation for life—but for complete life—not only that rounded off by and ending in the grave, but also that of the fuller life that stretches on beyond the valley of death into the endless depths of eternity.

It is not merely fitting your child to take its place in this world, and here, in the eyes of men, for a generation or two to take a noble part and do honor to himself and you; but it is to fit him to accomplish this in such a way as to meet you in heaven and be your crown there forever.

We would be unpractical were we to overlook the road in reaching the top of a mountain; but we would be just as foolish if we stopped on the road without ever looking toward the goal. Life is the road—heaven the goal. Education, then, must be such a training as will enable one to do the most here in order to reach the highest place beyond. And as wealth, power and position are not the means of gaining heaven—but doing good in any department of life—so that must be the aim of education, to do the most good.

And to be fitted for this purpose is the right of the child. Every right is a claim upon some one. We come, then, to our second question: Who, then, has the right as well as the duty and obligation to see to the education of the child?

Those, we answer, to whom the child belongs—and that according to the manner and degree in which the child belongs to them. Three agencies claim the child: the family, the church, the state. Let us determine in the light of principles, what part of this task belongs normally to each.

THE FAMILY AND THE CHILD.

In reason and in the order of time, the family is the first of these agencies—the church and the state are built upon the family and presuppose it. The family, therefore, comes up first to present its claims, and by family we mean its logical and natural spokesmen, the parents.

The case to the average man, to common sense and natural feeling, seems so clear that we scarcely need proof. It seems like saying the

obvious. It would take a dyed-in-the-wool Socialist or a downright Pantheist to maintain anything else. The grounds upon which our conviction rests are as simple and as strong as the rock foundations on which we seek to build.

Those have the first right and duty to educate the child, to whom the child belongs. But the child belongs in the first place to the parents. Therefore to them belongs the right, upon them, in the first place, falls the obligation of educating the child.

By a right we mean a faculty to do something with which no one can interfere legitimately, and which we are therefore entitled to defend against any illegitimate interference. Rights have their bounds; and a later right must yield to an antecedent one—a right of a lower order must yield to a right of a higher order.

Now those to whom the child belongs have the first right to educate the child. You own a farm. Who has the duty and the right to work it? Any stranger who comes along? The society to which you belong? Your neighbor? No. You can keep them all away from it and till it and sow it and reap from it as you please. It belongs to you.

You build a house or have it built. Who has the right to live in it? To furnish it? To care for it? You have the duty of looking out for it—you have the right to use it and furnish it at pleasure. In Italian, Renaissance, or Russian, or Oriental, or plain suit-yourself fashion. It belongs to you.

So those to whom the child belongs have the duty in the first place of educating the child, the right of choosing for it any education consonant with the child's right to learn and to be educated. The only question, then, is—to whom does the child belong?

RIGHT OF AUTHORSHIP.

The child belongs in the first place to the parents. Why so? By right of authorship. That is simple. Naturally, by the very fact of birth, a child is under its parents' care. Authority is the word by which we express right; the very word signifies that it goes with authorship. Now the pain and the labor, the care and the anxiety, connected with the entrance of this child into the world, was all the parents' and theirs alone.

They were the cooperators with God in the production of the child—as they prepared the body, God gave it an immortal soul, the principle of life. Pope Leo XIII stated the matter briefly and pointedly:

"The right and the authority of parents has its source where life itself has its source."

Is it not a self-evident principle, ingrained in our nature, part and parcel of all our thought, that the effect depends on the cause that produces it, since from it it got its existence? Consequently if the effect does not receive from the very outset all its perfection, it is upon those to whom it owes its origin that the obligation and inherent right falls, to bring it to its perfection.

The child is, so to speak, an extension of the parents—their own flesh and blood. It is for them to nurse it and feed it, to house it. Does this duty or right stop with the body? No. They must nurse, and feed, and clothe, so to speak, the soul also. This is education.

We are told that the Chinese frequently expose the children they do not wish to have, and that these exposed children either die of starvation, heat or cold, or are picked up by Christian missionaries. Tender mercy, indeed! But parents who starve their child's mind and heart by failing to provide a proper education, would be looked upon by all as equally barbarous.

CONSEQUENCES.

The child cannot possibly be considered to belong to any one else than the parents. The church could not take care of it. She does take care of a great many orphans and dependent children in her institutions. But at the same time she recognizes that she is in this, acting only on the part of the parents. Besides the difficulties attending even this limited work, is evidence clear enough, that she could not if she wished, and would not wish, to be directly responsible for the child.

The state would be even less fit for it. It would work harm to the family, to the child, and to the state itself, if the child belonged to it. Imagine the nurseries required, and money, and personnel that would be needed! Imagine our children in the hands of politicians from their birth! Imagine a cold, loveless government, full of graft and faddism taking charge of our little ones from their tenderest years! What mother would expose herself to labor under such conditions? The child, no longer bound to the parents by such close ties, what would keep the family together? Already we deplore the laxness of our divorce laws; it would be incalculably worse if the child were the property of the state and our parents were the providers for a heartless governmental system. Are not our public schools bad enough?

It is not we who criticise them; it is men like Dr. Eliot of Harvard and Mr. Claxton, who declare them entirely inadequate—failures even. And that they are inadequate is the cry of every large city in the land. If it shows one thing, it is this: that the child cannot possibly be looked upon as belonging to the state or any society; it belongs to the family, to the parents. To them, consequently, belongs the duty and hence the right of educating the child.

Therefore to the parents in the first place belongs the duty, which implies a sacred right, of developing the weak and imperfect life which they gave the child; they must provide it with the intellectual and moral resources necessary to enable it to meet the battles of life.

And this right of the parents is exclusive. Its whole character shows it. It has its source much deeper than the purposes of the state: in the good of the individual; it is anterior to any state right—since it dates from the birth of the child. And education, if it is to be effective, must be single in its direction and orientation. It could not be that if anyone else had equal authority to take a hand directly in the education of the child.

DIFFICULTIES.

This reasoning may raise some difficulties. "One might say: The state has a right to look after the common good—the welfare of the community. But the education of the child contributes to the common good; its lack is a public evil. Therefore the right to educate the child belongs to the state.

There is a grain of truth in the argument and it is just this that is apt to deceive one. True, the purpose of the state is to look after the common welfare; true, the education of the child is necessary for that. But the state has a direct right over things necessary to the common weal only when nature and nature's God have not already provided for it. And just here we must remember that nature and the God of nature have provided much more efficiently and much better by making the parents directly responsible for the education of the child.

Again someone might argue that parents are often incompetent to educate their children, and thus their children would become a burden to the country.

Again we must admit a grain of truth. Many parents are incompetent, and for this condition, perhaps the state itself is to blame by reason of the religionless schools it provides. But exceptional cases

cannot change the natural law, and this fact would at most show that obligations devolve upon the state or the church. It would not by any means prove that the parents have not the first right to educate the child or that their right is not direct and immediate or not exclusive.

COMMON SENSE.

The line of argument we have followed above is not what might be termed a purely Catholic argument. It is the reasoning of pure common sense; its appeal is universal.

It was used by the *Evangelical Lutheran Synod* in the recent campaign against the so-called compulsory school law in Oregon. They declared at the time:

"Who owns your child? The State? Do not you? Who feeds and clothes your child? The State? Not while you are living and able to care for your own. *WHY* do you feed and clothe your child? Because it is *YOUR* child. If you don't own your own child, what in the wide world do you own?

"Now if you own your child and are in duty bound to feed and clothe it, you certainly have 'some say' about your child's education and its teacher. The state has a right to compel you to educate your child, just as it has a right to compel you to feed and clothe your child. But the state has no more right to choose the teacher for your child and the school it shall attend, than it has to tell you where to buy your child's clothing or what style of clothing it must wear. This bill, if enacted into law, will deal a terrific blow to your constitutional rights, confiscate your parental authority, and undermine your personal liberty."

And ex-Vice-President Marshall said:

"I have an old-fashioned notion that in a government where freedom of religion is guaranteed to the citizen, as a father of a child, I have a *RIGHT* to train it along the lines of my own religious belief.

"I doubt that any officer (of the state), however gifted and high-minded he may be, can have a tenderer regard for my child than I myself possess—that he can more sincerely desire his health, happiness, and success.

"Unless I develop into such a brute as to be unfit to take care of my child and thus warrant society in removing him permanently from my custody, I should be let alone to look after his health, care for his wants, guide his education, and instill into his mind such religious views

as I think will enable him to stand against the temptations of a tempestuous world."

The *business men* of Oregon declared similarly:

"This measure would deny to parents the right to choose the school, the teacher, the methods, by means of which their children are to be educated; a RIGHT fundamental in any country which pretends to be free."

The same was asserted by a body of principals of various non-Catholic private schools: "As citizens we object to the measure because it deprives parents of the right to choose the means of education for their children. We believe in the necessity and value of the public schools and in the right of the state to require the education of its children by competent teachers according to certain scholastic standards. We are equally firm in our belief that parents have the right to choose the school in which their children should be educated, so long as the state's standards are fulfilled."

The *Presbyterians* likewise:

"It is based on the philosophy of autocracy that the child belongs primarily to the state; it is an unjustifiable invasion of family authority and threatens ultimately the guarantees of our American liberty."

Therefore to parents belongs the first right to educate the child; to them belongs the direct right and this right is exclusive; in the sense that, no one can interfere legitimately in its exercise unless they are shown to be neglecting it or doing it badly.

AND NOW HE'S GONE

Editorial comment in various parts of the country is taking a placid and more or less humorous view of the recent peaceful invasion of the States by one Emile Coué. What was fundamentally true in his system was as old as the hills—what was new, seemed to interest by its novelty. Some good was done, perhaps; a topic of conversation was offered to the country at large to fill in the dull interval till the baseball season starts; and best of all, for him, the trip, no doubt, was not without its lucrative results. Another name has been added to the long list of European travelers who have turned their eyes westward in search of Cathay—a land of gold—and found it.

Now, who's next?

A Tattered Old Flag

AMERICANISM WITHOUT A MASK OR A HORN

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

"'Washington was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.' So I cannot see that there is any better time to hold our mass meeting than the evening of Washington's birthday."

This pronouncement from the lips of Mr. Long, the leading banker of Benton, had decided the time for the patriotic gathering now in full swing in that Texas town. All the representative citizens, and a few of the unrepresentative citizens, of Benton, had gathered to discuss what part they should take in the Americanization of America and the saving of our country from—well, bogies, I suppose.

The meeting had been pronounced a success. On the motion of Mr. Long the gathering had voted to raise the sum of five thousand dollars to finance a campaign to secure "Americanization schools" for all foreigners in the country. All had gone as merrily as a silver bell—the orators had lauded the patriotism of the town, had sung the praises of the Union and eulogized the bravery of the Army and Navy, and their words had been received with bursts of applause.

Only one jarring note had been struck. This note was sounded when a speaker of notorious Ku Klux proclivities had insisted in a sentence of his speech that, "In this universal burst of patriotic enthusiasm, it is up to the Catholics to prove their loyal Americanism."

His remark had evoked only a feeble applause—all the more noticeable because so feeble—for the majority of the audience knew full well that the Catholic young men of the town had been at the front in the late war just as well as the rest, and that their Catholic fellow-citizens were just as law-abiding and as loyal as themselves.

Yet the Committee of Arrangements felt that they were in troubled waters when they recognized advancing to the stage, from a seat in the rear of the hall, a venerable man, whose silvery locks showed behind the Roman Collar that he wore. It was the figure of Father O'Dowd, the recently appointed Pastor of the local Catholic Church, of whom the Committee knew little save that his short stay among them had been occupied entirely in works among the poor and unfortunate of the town. He was an old man and his Bishop had sent him

to Benton to pass his remaining days in quiet ere he was summoned to his reward. Even in the midst of signs of his fourscore years, his appearance was imposing. As the priest advanced to the footlights, there was a dignity in his carriage, a calm confidence in his pose, that commanded attention and respect.

"Gentlemen of the Committee and fellow-citizens of Benton," he began, the tremble in his voice making the effect almost electric, "as this is a meeting in which all who will to speak have a right to be heard, I venture to encroach upon your time for a few minutes. I am glad to see the patriotism evinced by most of your speakers. I am proud and happy to be numbered among such truly loyal citizens of America. I am pleased to say that I am in accord with the sentiments expressed by most of your spokesmen, and I assure you, that those whose pastor I have the honor to be, will, together with myself, lend heart and hand to promote the plans for which you have so generously and so patriotically voted.

"With one speaker, however," the priest resumed after a pause, "I regret to say, I must heartily disagree. My duty as a Catholic priest and as pastor of my people, compels me to take issue with one sentiment uttered here tonight. Fellow-citizens, it is not 'up to Catholics to prove their loyal Americanism.' Their sound and thorough Americanism has been abundantly proved on every field of American honor, from Lexington to France.

This taunt of Catholic disloyalty, this cowardly suspicion insinuated rather than declared, against Catholic Americanism, is nothing new. Even on Bunker Hill was hostility to Catholics evinced by their bigoted fellow-citizens. The soldiers at the siege of Boston wished to burn in effigy the Pope of Rome. He whose birthday we are celebrating to-day—George Washington, the Father of his country—himself rebuked them, reminding them that under their very feet, on Bunker Hill, lay the bodies of Catholic soldiers, who had died that Freedom might live.

"As the Army of the Union went forth to battle at Bull Run, the soldiers were on the point of mutiny—not the Catholic soldiers. Their Protestant fellows in arms refused to fight with a regiment composed almost entirely of Catholics who had seen service battling for the cause of the Pope against the Garibaldians in Italy. 'Away with the Papist hirelings,' they shouted. But, gentlemen, when these same bigots had broken from their ranks and fled, they were saved by the

men they had scoffed at. Your histories tell you that only fifteen hundred men faced the charge of the re-enforced Confederates. But why do your histories not tell you that most of these men were the despised and taunted Catholics, who stubbornly defended the retreat of the vanquished Union Army?

"This taunt of Catholic disloyalty, this cowardly suspicion insinuated rather than declared, against Catholic Americanism, is nothing new. to its highest pitch just at the time when the Nation was stricken with horror at the fate of the gallant 'Maine.' And, gentlemen, when all others had left that sinking ship, over Kelly and Burke and Shea, Catholic sailors who had died for their country, a Catholic priest remained to pray.

"In our last argument with Mexico, among the first to fall were Catholic men of the Navy. Haggerty, one of these fallen heroes, was given a military burial, and his funeral resembled more a triumphal march than the last tribute to the dead. President Wilson said of him and his comrades that they were martyrs to American ideals.

"Finally of your Army and Navy in the recent World War, just forty per cent were Roman Catholics. The first man of the Navy to lose his life in action was a Catholic sailor; the first American officer to be killed by a hostile missile in France was Lieutenant Fitzsimmons, a Catholic.

"Oh, my fellow-citizens, when I hear this taunt of Catholic disloyalty, when I hear these masked suspicions of their Americanism, there rise up before my vision the forms of Carroll, Barry, Moylan, Sheridan, Rosecrans, Kilmer, Benson, and a host of other Catholic heroes who have loyally served America wherever the Stars and Stripes have led. And should our country forget the blood which these dead Catholics so fearlessly placed at her service, still we, their fellow-Catholics of today, are none the less willing to shed our blood again if need be for her.

"I cannot better close this protest against a speaker who, I am sure, was influenced not so much by wanton hatred as by mistaken zeal, than by quoting the words of a poet—another Catholic—who voices the sentiments of my own heart and the hearts of those joined to me in the brotherhood of the Faith:

"'Oh thou starry Flag of Freedom, thou art twined around my heart,
With a bond so true and tender, even Death can never part;

Though thy children claim as birthplace every land beneath the sun,
With thy folds so bright above them, in their country they are one.' "

There was silence for a moment. The old priest left the stage and was half way down the aisle before the audience rose to their feet and gave vent to their approval in a burst of cheering such as Benton had never before heard. But the old man, brushing aside the hands of congratulation that were extended to him on every side, left the hall and made his way slowly and sadly home.

He had scarcely departed when Mr. Long arose and moved that resolutions of approval and confidence in Father O'Dowd and his parishioners be passed. His motion was carried unanimously, and he and two veterans of the Civil War were deputed to carry them at once to the priest. With this the meeting adjourned.

On the arrival of Mr. Long and his two veteran companions at the priest's house, there was some delay in answering their request to see the priest. His housekeeper returned after a peep into the priest's study.

"Sirs," she said, "I am afraid you can't see Father O'Dowd to-night. He seems much troubled about something that must have occurred at the meeting."

"That is just why we have come," responded Mr. Long. "We bear resolutions of approval from his fellow-citizens."

"Then I'll show you up unannounced," said the housekeeper smiling. "I am sure it is the meeting that's troubling him."

As the men entered the study, Father O'Dowd rose hastily to his feet and dropped a flag, tattered and torn, over some objects that lay on the table. There were tears in his eyes as he turned to his visitors, but his emotion did not interfere with his courtliness of manner.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are welcome. Be seated."

Thereupon Mr. Long briefly but eloquently told the purpose of their errand. Then he and his companions shook the old priest by the hand.

"Now, Father," said Mr. Long, "I hope you are not going to allow the careless utterance of this evening to disturb you."

"No, no!" said the white-haired priest. "That is forgiven and forgotten."

"Your reverence," broke in one of the veterans, his curiosity get-

ting the better of his politeness, "what is that flag you were holding when we came in?"

"It looks much like a battle flag!" chimed in his companion.

Father O'Dowd smiled in embarrassment.

"Ah," he said, "you saw tears in my eyes when you entered my room. It was those things on the table, not the incident of tonight that caused them." Then holding up the end of the flag, he continued: "Examine them, gentlemen."

The three advanced to the table, and picking up the flag, found it to be the standard of the famous Irish regiment of Civil War days. Under it lay the United States War Medal and a G. A. R. badge, together with an officer's sword. Mr. Long drew the sword from its scabbard, and noticing the inscription on it, read:

"To the bravest of the brave, Captain Lawrence O'Dowd, from the men of his Company, who revere him as a leader and love him as a man."

Mr. Long said not a word. With unmistakable feeling he wrung the old Priest's hand, whilst the veterans in their enthusiasm slapped him on the back and hailed him as a comrade.

The aged priest only smiled sadly and said:

"Now you see why I was so moved tonight. I was not always a priest. I followed that flag from Bull Run to the end of the war. The forms of my comrades in arms rallied round me as I sat at the meeting and pleaded for justice as I spoke. But let me beg you, friends," he continued with the twinkle of a smile, "to keep my secret. Never let the good people of Benton know that I have had the honor all these years to be a 'masked' patriot."

And with gentle courtesy he bade them good night.

Observe that Jesus Christ does not teach you to say: My Father. He enjoins you to say, Our Father. He does not wish you to say this prayer in your own name, but he has worded it from beginning to end in such a way that you must speak in the name of all Christians, who are your brethren, and of whom God is no less the Father than he is yours. As in the word Father is contained our motive for loving God, so in the words Our Father, are reasons for loving our neighbor.

What this world needs is a little less uplift and more true charity.

The Social Malady

I. SYMPTOMS

ANDREW F. BROWNE, C.Ss.R.

There has long been a feeling in many quarters that there is something radically wrong with the social adjustments of our age, and what is of more particular concern to us—of our own country. While the material conditions of the land seem to have been vastly improved, as compared with other times, and other countries, yet the happiness which they ought to produce is evidently lacking. The old problems are unsolved and new ones crowd upon us. There is a vast amount of restlessness and discontent, among the masses here in America, though perhaps not so pronounced as in the European countries.

Philosophers study our symptoms, and following the dictum of Herbert Spencer, tell us that the law of human intercourse is competition; in other words, that we are in a cannibalistic state; that we must eat or be eaten. Statesmen shake their wise heads, and following the line of least resistance, try to leave things well enough alone. Economists dogmatize and predict. Agitators, Socialists, Anarchists, Bolsheviks, and others of their ilk, propound remedies which seem to be based on the assumption that society is possessed of the reputed nine lives of the cat.

A PLAIN CASE.

One need not be a close student of sociology to recognize that the condition of modern society is far from healthy. But the difficulty with the vast majority of our tentative schemes of reconstruction and social betterment is that they concern themselves solely with external conditions of public welfare, whereas the root of the evil as well as the remedy lies much deeper.

The cancerous growths which are feeding on the social body are all of them but external manifestations of a malady that has infested the souls of men. We may cauterize, we may cut, but so long as we do not remove the cause of the disorder, there can be little hope of a permanent cure. It is the moral condition of society which needs our first and greatest attention, since it is in the moral decadence of our modern civilization that all present-day evils have their inception.

Much of the success of the medical profession of late years is un-

doubtedly due to specialization. We have our nerve specialist, our lung specialist, heart specialist, specialists of the ear, nose and throat, and so on. So, too, there is a specialist for moral ills—and that lies in Religion. Under the direction of this unerring diagnostician, let us examine some of the symptoms of the social malady.

THE COMMON GERM.

There are woeful evidences of disease in every branch of society—in the State, in the Family, and in the Individual.

"What it all comes to is this: Men are masters; they begin and end with themselves. Humanity dreams of marching onward to the goal of social perfectibility with giant strides. Each generation is a glorious section of the procession of progress. Liberty, independence, speed, association and self-praise—these compose the spirit of the modern world."

The sense of personal responsibility to God; the subordination of all economic and social development to spiritual and eternal interests; the sincere and definite effort to ascertain God's good pleasure in the laws and rules laid down for the adjustment of modern society—these are almost unknown quantities in the actions and utterances of our legislators, politicians and philanthropists.

And while we boast—credulously boast—of the moral regeneration which is to flow from the eighteenth amendment of our constitution, we remain perversely blinded to the pitiable conceit of saving society by purely natural means, and purely human methods, without one thought of God's law of Providence. In fact, this forgetfulness of our relative position to the Almighty, and the cool ignoring of His rights in the government of the world, is a glaring characteristic of the times in which we live.

IN POLITICS.

Look at politics. Is it not considered almost treasonable, or at least insanely fanatical, to view political issues from the standpoint of their religious practicability? In other words, do we not close the doors of our legislatures and council chambers in the very face of God?

Or again, how little is God considered in the great questions of peace and war? We shout our shibboleth of democracy and the freedom of small nations to the very heavens, and when the smoke of conflict clears away, we find that secret diplomacy has only grasped a frenzied world more tightly by the throat. We find the emissaries of

a few great powers concocting in secret council, a so-called scheme for a perennial period of peace for all the nations of the world, without so much as one prayer to the Almighty to direct them in their colossal and hazardous task.

IN THE FAMILY.

Witness the deplorable condition of the family today—nay, how very few marital ventures of the present day even deserve to be dignified with the name of Family.

Would anyone think today—from a mere consideration of the lives of a great part of our people—that marriage is a divine institution? Would anyone even suspect that the Almighty had set His seal upon this sacred union of man and wife, and sanctified it? Is there any evidence left today of God's command given from the beginning, and emphasized by our Saviour: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder"—when almost every court throughout the land will coolly set aside the divine command, and make of the most sacred institution a system of legalized adultery? What vestige of sanctity remains to marriage today in the broad world, when men and women appeal to the jaundiced philosophy of a certain Malthus to justify their utter disregard for the first great end the Almighty had in view in instituting marriage, when He said to the first man and woman: "Increase and multiply and fill the earth"?

And as if men, like Adam in paradise, were ashamed of the real cause at the bottom of this disregard for God's law, they throw over it the pall of "lofty" purposes, such as the betterment of the race. And with Eugenics, and Sex Hygiene and the like, they try to salve the terrible ulcers which show upon the body social in consequence of their disobedience.

IN THE INDIVIDUAL.

As with the State and with the Family, so with the Individual, moral perversion is the fountain head of all disorders. Analyze the question of economics, the very crux of the social problem, that field where Capital and Labor are marshalling their forces and preparing for a mighty struggle for predominance. The exploitation of labor, unjustified strikes, the high cost of living—does it not all resolve itself in the last analysis into forgetfulness of the fundamental principles of justice and equity, of regard for the rights of "my" neighbor through the motive of responsibility to God?

IN LITERATURE.

This same utter disregard for the claims of religion is discernible in our literature, our magazines and newspapers. Everywhere man is his own end, the master of his own destiny. The natural stands off clear and self-helpful from the supernatural. There is no need to call in the idea of God to explain the position of man. His duties begin and end with other men or with himself. The world has made up its mind that it can manage things without God.

Look at our educational institutions. What place has God in them? While we fill the minds of our youth from the proud storehouse of pretentious human science, we seem to be blinded by the ancient tempter's promise: "You shall become like gods"; and hence, if we do not openly sneer at, at least we completely ignore the eternal revelations of God. And when the Church still strives to preserve the youth entrusted to her, in religious schools, these men, under one pretext or another, vent their fury upon her. Is it any wonder that, our youth being so brought up, more than half our people profess no religion whatsoever? That the individual adopts a loose moral code of utilitarianism, and that his creed is dissolved into a vague acceptance of a far-off, impersonal God?

These are only some of the symptoms of the disease in the body social, and they give evidence of a great moral perversion; they point clearly to the fact that the seat of these external disturbances lies in men's souls. In another article, we shall investigate the nature of this soul sickness, and give a diagnosis of the disease.

If "the glory of children" are their fathers, what a glory is ours! What cause for triumph and thankfulness is this thought: God is my Father! With what a noble pride should it not fill me! What contempt, what hatred for all that could lead me to degenerate from so exalted an origin!

The optimist says, "Cheer up. No man lives a useless life. He may serve as an example for others to avoid."

It is a poor kind of piety that seeks all the pleasure and dodges all the pains. If a choice must be made, let that rosary go and forgive that enemy.

Exhibit A.

PART III. "THE PULP SO BITTER, HOW SHALL TASTE THE RIND!"

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

As Mike left the court room after sentence had been pronounced on his father, he felt such a sudden surge of emotion arising within him that he wanted to hurry away and hide before anyone should see him weeping. As he rushed aimlessly through a corridor, he felt a strong arm clutch him and a friendly voice, attempting ineffectually to whisper, fairly roared in his ear, "Not that way, son; here's the door."

He looked up. It was Collins, who, fearful of just this turn of events, had taken a day off to be near his friend.

"And just around the corner we can get the Layfayette Bus!" he continued, as he steered the boy through the crowds on the street.

"Bus! I take a street car, Mr. Collins. The bus doesn't go anywhere near my place."

"Well, it does, this evening. You're coming with me!" And without more ado, the big fellow gently pushed his way through the throng around the corner and by dint of exquisite strategy, managed to get on board in time to acquire the two last seats. There was little conversation between them on the way westward; both were busy with their own thoughts. Pat Collins had been studying Mike closely throughout the time they were together in the factory; and a decision in process of formation—Pat's decisions were usually slow, as his wife was wont to testify—had begun to reach the climax of its development.

After supper, which had been enlivened by an animated argument between Virginia Collins and her brother Ted, both of whom were attending the parochial High School, and consequently felt themselves well qualified to settle most if not all of the world-problems of the day; Pat Collins and his wife had a quiet conference. As a result, when Mike prepared to leave a little later—he was not accustomed to late hours—he found Mr. Collins putting on his coat and hat to accompany him.

"You might get lost in this neck of the woods," he remarked laughing, "so I thought I would take you as far as the car. We haven't

invested in a machine." There was no use protesting and soon they were on their way.

But when they had progressed a short distance, Mike learned the real reason of Mr. Collins' maneuver. The proposition took his breath away. And with that proposal, which did not admit of refusal, a new and eventful era opened in Mike Kentzler's life. He was to take up his residence with the Collins family. In order not to offend the boy, Pat tactfully explained that he would be a boarder just as he was at his present place; only with this difference, that now he would take the place of his father in looking after him till he would become more accustomed to American ways and especially to the English language.

Days developed swiftly into weeks and months from that time on. Mr. and Mrs. Collins had reckoned unerringly. Mike, without losing the old fashioned courtesy that had attracted them, soon dropped the numerous little mannerisms that mark the foreigner in America. Under Ted's tutelage, he quickly mastered English—with a generous mixture of current slang. And as Mr. Collins had expected, Ted's association with such an earnest character had a noticeable effect on his own more or less hectic High School career. After the evening's work in studies were over, the entire group would gather around the piano with Virginia acting as accompanist. Then above Ted's nasal attempt at a manly baritone would rise the clear, limpid tones of Mike's tenor.

Every week his letter went home to his mother, enclosing a draft for the usual amount; to do which he had to draw on their savings in the bank. But his father's request had been urgent. Secure in his innocence, he had made Mike promise not to reveal his trouble to the family at home.

After a time, Mr. Collins obtained a better job for him in an automobile factory near the brass mill, where Mike could earn twice his former salary, with cleaner work, and at the same time have some chance of promotion. With this change, he coached Mike—Ted, of course, assisting in the selection of a new suit to take the place of the one he had brought with him from the old country.

"Some bird!" ejaculated Ted as he stepped back, in the store, to give a critical look at the new figure. "You would knock Rudolph Valentino for a row of split peas." Mike stared his lack of comprehension.

"For an English teacher, you are a wonder, son," remarked Ted's father dryly.

"Knock 'em all dead!" murmured the devoted heir as he turned away.

But the delights of the new raiment received a jolt. As Mike was walking down the street to Mass, the next Sunday, he met Virginia coming from the earlier Mass. And while they were conversing for a few minutes, he heard his name mentioned. On turning in surprise, he found himself staring into the face of his old friend, Katherine. He could not figure how she happened to get over this far, for he was now attending the big gray Gothic church of his early memories. But here she was; it was the first time he had seen her—or thought of her—since the terrible day of the trial. He lost control of his tongue, and stood silent, dumbfounded. She looked at him for a moment; then without a word swung on her heel and strode away.

"Hm!" ejaculated Virginia; "a wop vamp! Already. Guess I'll have to take you under my wing. But I've got to get home for breakfast. Beat it to Mass, Mike, and see that you get back safe." Mike only laughed, a sheepish, shame-faced laugh as he proceeded toward the church. He felt very small indeed.

His discomfiture was increased that afternoon, when he went out to the prison to visit his father. It was a rather long journey on the interurban car, and so his allotted time was rather short. But, after the exchange of recent news was finished, he was rather taken aback by a sudden question from his father.

"Mike, do you ever see Katherine or her father any more?"

"Not very often, dad. You see, I live nearer the factory now, out in that new residence district where we were thinking of getting our new house. And besides, I work in an automobile plant which is a little out of the way." The answer had an uncertain ring to it; for Mike could feel in some way that his father was disappointed.

"So! Well, that's too bad. You know, Mike, Katherine and her father have been very good to me—a jail bird!" This with quiet sarcasm that lost none of its bitterness for being quiet. "They have been the only ones of all I knew that have thought of me since—since I was sent here. Every so often, they send me things; not big things, for they are poor like ourselves; but little things that show me they remember me. God bless them. Don't be ashamed of them, Mike"—

his voice rang out with emotion—"don't be ashamed of them, even when your good fortune takes you higher in the world. They are good; they are friends; and the good and the friends are rare." He paused, thinking. Mike waited in silence.

"You will soon be twenty-one, Mike. Take out your citizen papers. And be sure to write to mamma often. I suppose you are still able to send her the amount of money we used to send?" Mike nodded assent. "But our little savings won't last long. I hope this is cleared up before that time; it will break their hearts at home if they ever hear of this." His head sank despondently on his breast. "That's the hardest part of it all. That's what is driving me mad, Mike. In fact, if it were not for this, I would have gone mad long ago." He held up a little crucifix that he wore suspended from his neck by a shoe string.

A guard warned them that visiting time was over; so after a hurried promise to come back on the next visiting day, Mike left.

The trip back to Detroit was a thoughtful one for Mike. He had told his father of their exact financial standing. But he knew, and the knowledge made his heart sink, that their little savings account had dwindled swiftly. And he knew, too, that with the first or second letter containing a smaller amount, there would be worry at home; not for the money, but for the imaginary troubles his dear mother would think were afflicting them in America. He must manage to earn more money. A raise would help some; but the difference between his own wages and those of his father and himself put together was too great—it was impossible to make up the difference by merely working in the factory. He thought of explaining his difficulty to Mr. Collins; and pride crushed the thought instantly. He spent the last half hour of the trip saying his rosary; only help from above could be of any avail.

Supper was just being served when he arrived.

"Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" sang out Ted as Mike entered the room. "Heard you've fallen for the wiles of one of the fair sex—this morning at that. 'Throw out the life-line brethren, a brother is slipping away.'"

In the midst of the laughter, Mike hurried over to the back of Ted's chair and proceeded to rub his ears energetically.

"Say, lay off! Those ears aren't made of gutta percha," gasped

Ted. "Lay off!" He caressed the now crimson appendages tenderly. "Do you think I'm made of rubber?"

"No, not all of you," interposed Virginia briskly, as she passed some of the viands to Mike. "Just your tongue!"

"Aw gwan; you're jealous. Just because some girl—"

"You keep still. It's too bad you didn't get your tongue rubbed, too." Virginia's eyes were blazing; and her cheeks flying the colors of battle.

"Peace be to our home!" murmured Mr. Collins dryly. The children, younger than either of the combatants, were grinning in glee. To their minds Ted had come off second best; and as he was constantly teasing them, they rejoiced openly in his discomfiture.

With that over, the evening passed in its usual cheerful way. Ted had purchased a new batch of popular songs, melodies which he thought were best adapted to his voice. These he proceeded to sing with all the gusto of an amateur Caruso. In fact Ted, to be frank, had a sneaking suspicion, that given the proper advantages of special training and a year or two of European experience, he might out-rival Caruso. So he warbled the "Blues" of various shades and sizes and lengths of duration till Mrs. Collins, coming from the kitchen, reminded him to give Mike a chance.

Mike had been in a brown study. He was thinking of the morrow, the letter he would have to write, the draft he would have to send. It would be the last, unless something turned up. And he was not blessed with the bland optimism of McCawber.

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Collins, I will sing. I have been enjoying Ted's singing—" He wondered why they all laughed. But the laugh was silenced by the opening strains of the simple melody, "Little Mother of Mine." It was only by chance that Virginia had opened that piece; but the family were not to forget the rendition they heard that evening. After the events of the day, and with the dread of the days to come staring him in the face, the words of the song took on a new meaning for Mike. And he sang that meaning into the music.

He could see that little mother, a few months hence, standing at the door of her humble home, waiting for the postman to bring the long expected letter. He could see her trembling hands seize the missive while his brothers and sisters crowded around to hear the latest news from over the sea. He could see her turn pale and grow faint

at the news of what had happened to her husband. No, that would not, must not happen—"Oh, Little Mother of Mine!" The final note faded away like the memory of a passing dream. He turned to his little audience. Mr. Collins was stroking his chin thoughtfully; his wife was furtively wiping her eyes. Their warm, Irish natures sensed an under-current of meaning, of possibly tragic meaning in the boy's song.

With the end of that song, the concert closed. Sunday evening in a working man's family is not a time for late hours, for there is always the thought of the next day's long toil. And Mike had not yet lost his old country liking for early sleep and early rising. But long after he and the rest of the young people had retired, Mr. and Mrs. Collins sat and discussed the thoughts that the song had aroused in both of them.

"Well, mother," remarked Mr. Collins finally, as he arose preparatory to retiring, "Mike has heavy odds against him, but a voice like that deserves training; and training it's going to get, if I can help it." And with that they called it a day.

The following evening, as Mike was making his way homeward in a street car, his pay envelope tightly clutched in his pocket, he noticed a strange sign hanging outside a large moving picture theater along the main thoroughfare. Later at supper, Ted remarked on the same sign.

"Say, Dad, did you know that the Avondale is holding an amateur night this week? I'm thinking of going in for it."

"Go to it, son; if you ever want to find out just how much talent you have, step out on the stage on amateur night. But I thought they had done away with such performances."

"Well, they did; it is the first for a long time; I guess they heard that Virginia was practicing up to make a try at it, and decided on "Safety First." The shot was not lost, but before war was openly declared, Mr. Collins turned to Mike.

"By the way, Mike; I think you could get a little easy money there. It is a nice crowd that attends that theater; the price is too high for the riffraff, and there is none of the rough stuff you often hear about on such occasions. Why not get a few songs ready and try it. Virginia could play for you."

"Me; sing in a theater; before a big crowd of people and for

money!" Mike had never thought of that. But his friend was strangely insistent. And so after a good deal of urging, practice was begun that evening. Ted's vanity was somewhat appeased when he was called upon to give his opinion, as a theater-fan, of the selection of the pieces Mike was to render.

"Give 'em a snappy, up-to-date thing first," he advised sagely, and then drag in that "Mother" song you sang last night. Make 'em laugh first, then make 'em cry! That's what the public wants." Mr. Collins barely stifled a laugh. "And you better make it snappy. Friday is the time. And Sis needs oceans of practice."

"You old, conceited tin horn—" The war clouds were lowering; but another Genoa conference brought a semblance of peace.

"We'll all go," remarked Mrs. Collins, "although I am sure, I have never seen the place. But we'll go to hear Mike." She succeeded in her purpose; the irrepressible Ted turned the battery of his teasing on her.

"Who-da thunk it! Alas! The frivolous spirit of the times has got mother, too. Theater—" and shaking his head sadly, and with hands in his pockets, he strode with mock regret from the room.

Friday evening found Mike in a highly nervous state. He had mailed his letter home that day, and then figured the balance of the account in the bank. It amounted practically to nothing. He would have to make good.

The Collins family had proved to be ideal press agents. Between friends and acquaintances of the family and the classes of Ted and Virginia, all of whom were there in force, Mike was provided with a goodly support. The beautiful, new theater was crowded to the doors for this occasion; it was something new and the novelty was an attraction in itself. Amateur night had been abandoned for several years after the super feature film had put in its appearance. But like every thing else, the gigantic seven-reel performance had begun to pall; and even the expensive orchestra was beginning to fail as a drawing card.

Well out in the middle of the audience, a couple of people were studying their programs with surprise. The management had printed the names of all who handed in their names on time, together with a notice of what each was going to do. Katherine and her father were celebrating her birthday by attending the theater this night, but she had not even dreamed of seeing Mike's name on a program. In fact,

she did not believe, even then, that it was he. But when number succeeded number, and each participant disappeared in a blaze of glory, she began to grow a little nervous. Perhaps it was he; perhaps he would try to appear on a stage—and then would become nervous and break down and be hooted off—perhaps. But it was Michael Kentzler's turn.

The lights went out, and a brilliant spot light was turned on the stage from some point in the gallery. It wavered a few moments high up in the stage decorations, and when it descended to the level of the stage, disclosed a fine, Baldwin grand piano. Shortly afterwards, amid a thunder of applause, Virginia entered, her simple pink gown gleaming fantastically beneath the powerful rays of the spotlight. From the opposite side of the stage Mike entered, clad for the occasion in an immaculate dress suit. Mr. Collins and Ted had collaborated in this and had left nothing undone to guarantee success.

There was a low murmur of approval in the hall followed by dead silence as Virginia took her place at the piano and Mike made his preliminary bow to the audience. Far out in the hall, Katherine stared in amazement at this apparition, then uttered a low moan, and buried her face in her hands. Then suddenly realizing how odd such a performance might seem to those around her, she glanced up quickly at her father. He was staring stolidly at the stage. She blessed the man who had devised the idea of spotlight illumination.

The opening notes of the selection were being played before the audience awoke from its surprise. It was a new piece, "The Little Grey Home in the West," and had not yet received the master stroke of John McCormack's artistry that later was to give it nation-wide vogue. It had been selected after Mr. Collins had discovered what had been the ambition of Mike and his father prior to the catastrophe. Into the melody, like a skiff gliding out into the limpid waters of a sheltered lagoon, went the clear, bell-like tones of the young tenor.

To the connoisseur, there was lack of finish, there was faulty breathing, there were mistakes in enunciation, but to all there was no mistake regarding the surpassing purity of voice or the sincerity of the pent-up emotion finding long sought expression in song. Mingled with the singer's tones, like a strand of silver interwoven into cloth of silk, were the delicate, accurate strains of the accompaniment. Phrase followed phrase, till the voice, rising to the high climax, died gracefully

away, like the final echo of a silver gong. The peculiar hush following an unusual musical number was finally broken by a storm of applause from the parquet, to which was added the enthusiastic whistling of the gallery. Unknown to Mike, his friends from both factories had come out in force to "root" for their companion.

The encore which followed was a repetition of the first number in quality and effect. And with that Mike's evening ended. He was forced to respond to a number of curtain-calls, and was rather taken aback to be presented with a huge bouquet. But even this he turned to good advantage by presenting it in turn to his accompanist. The audience did not hear him say, "Virginia, for heaven's sake, take this thing." Another round of applause drowned Katherine's moan.

She knew she was crying. Turning to her father, she remarked that she did not feel well and was going home.

"Go ahead, Katherine; you're not afraid. I want to get my money's worth of this show. I want to hear Mike sing." At the mention of his name, she crowded past her father and hurried up the aisle to the door.

Behind the scenes another type of celebration was in progress. The manager complimented the singer, at the same time handing him the prize sum of the evening. "No matter what the rest do, you deserve this," he remarked as he handed Mike the money. He had hardly finished his sentence when there was a bustle near the stage door. A portly gentleman pushed his way through the crowd gathered back of the scenes and made his way to Mike's group.

"Ah! Here you are," he gasped. "It's worth a fellow's life to come back here. Well, young man, I've a proposition to make to you." Mr. Collins stepped forward.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm his agent." Mike did not understand what it all meant and was about to make a remark when he noticed Virginia standing in back of the gentleman and energetically slapping her finger against her lip.

"Very good. Well, then, I'm willing to make a contract for this young man's services to sing five nights a week, two numbers with encores each evening, and will pay him \$50 for the work. How about it?"

"Sorry," remarked Mr. Collins promptly; "nothing less than \$75 and even then it will depend on the time specified in the contract."

"That's rather high; but I think it a good thing even at that. Make it \$75 then, the contract to last six months. At the end of that time, if he is still an attraction with the public, we can renew it and possibly at a higher figure. If you and your client will see me at my office tomorrow, we can arrange the papers." He handed them cards and hurried off. Theatrical managers are energetic.

"Mr. Collins, that was too much money; I can't earn that." Ted laughed outright.

"Easy on the much stuff, Mike. When an American manager offers you seventy-five dollars—remember, I said offers—you can be pretty sure you are worth twice that much. Take it and look for more. I'm thinking of going into the singing business myself."

"Come on home, papa; we must get that child out of the evening air; it's going to his head."

Mr. Kentzler missed his son's visits for almost two months. The daily work in the factory and the evening engagements kept the lad on the run. In the meantime Mike celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and made it the memorable event in his life by taking out his first naturalization papers. That news, together with the account of his singing experiences, formed the chief topics of conversation at his next meeting with his father.

Events had been moving swiftly in the world outside, even though Mike had been oblivious to it all. And a few days after his momentous visit to the prison, he was dumbfounded to hear the newsboys crying an extra edition of the morning paper. War had been declared; the European fire of international hatred which had been smouldering since 1870 had burst into blaze. The following Sunday he hurried to the prison to break the news to his father. By that time nearly all of Europe had been aligned against Germany and Austria.

"God in Heaven!" exclaimed the old man, with the first burst of animation Mike had seen in him since he had been sent to prison. "Mamma and the children are in it; '70 was bad enough; but this will be fought to a finish." He paced up and down the narrow cell. "My God—to think I am cooped up here. They will be calling for the reservists." He sank on his pallet, his head held tightly in his hands. "The Fatherland, I fear, is doomed. They cannot fight the world! Mike, what will you do?"

"I am going to be an American citizen, father."

"That is so. Besides, maybe it ends soon. With the air-machines and the submarines and the new big guns it cannot last long. Stay here, Mike. You will have to keep mamma and the children from starving. God bless you, son, and those friends who have helped you. And when you see Katherine, tell her I thank her and her father for the gifts they sent me last week." And Mike realized for the first time that he had not seen Katherine since their peculiar meeting on that Sunday morning.

With the departure of the boy, Kentzler sank into a despondent mood. His unjust confinement had never galled him as it did now. While he was brooding absent-mindedly during the evening period of recreation, a comrade threw a pamphlet into his lap. He picked it up idly, and twirled the pages, finally allowing it to rest half-open on his knee. Then he noticed that it was written in German—a German Catholic magazine. He perused the portion of the article that was before him, stopped suddenly, read again.

"God have mercy on us—I wonder if it will be true." The author had written an article on conditions in Europe; a frank and honest article devoid of the bravado and false glamour of the usual propaganda material. The sentence that had caught the prisoner's attention was a translation from Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven, "The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?"

Kentzler clutched his crucifix convulsively.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY BOOK CASE

Father John C. Reville, S. J., Ph. D., has rendered a great service to all who are concerned about reading and spreading Catholic Literature, by the publication of a little booklet bearing the title: "My Bookcase." It contains a list of several thousand good books by Catholic authors.

Now he intends to put Catholic readers and teachers under still greater obligations to himself, by undertaking to edit a series of Catholic books, under the title: "My Bookcase Series."

Once upon a time a man skated on thin ice. They say he had a most impressive funeral. Fortunate lad! And once upon a time a moth loitered around a flame. Poor moth!

Catholic Anecdotes

"CAN'T I DO SOMETHING FOR YOU, PAPA?"

Yes; Marie was a dear little girl of just ten summers. She was kind and gentle to everybody, and her large brown eyes were all full of loving helpfulness. Really, I believe she knew as well as I do that God takes special delight in looking upon boys and girls that are obedient and meek and humble of heart.

Now, this gentleness of Marie's made her so obedient and willing to help that she could read a request in mamma's eyes, or papa's, or sister's, almost any time one was there. She would not even wait to be asked, if she could help it.

One evening when papa came back from work, tired and rather out of sorts, and was sitting at his desk reading the paper, Marie softly went up to his side. Why? Because, you see, her love and her desire to be a little angel of charity and to make others happy sent her thither.

Yes; there she stood. Then she lightly touched papa's arm and said, in her soft, musical voice:

"Can't I do something for you, papa?"

Papa turned and looked at her. At first he did not understand. He was so tired and worn-out.

"What do you mean, Marie?" he asked.

"Can't I get you something, or make you comfortable and happy in some way, papa? For I love you so."

Then he understood. This little one for whom he was working so hard wanted to help along by her willingness. His eyes lighted up.

"Of course you can, darling," he cried, as he took her into his arms.

"You can give me one big, loving kiss. And I thank God over and over again for having given me the precious girlie that you are, my own Marie!"

Oh! if little people only knew how they can make a heaven out of home by being bits of sunshine, and sweetness, and obedient helpfulness always!—*Manna*.

FACES EVER SMILING

In the midst of all the unrest now in the world and all the dread of new troubles and new wars, we catch glimpses of true peace in places where the world disdains to seek it and where it expects to find only misery.

The following letter was written by a young lady of Denver, who had entered the austere order of Discalced Carmelites. It was not written for the papers; but the *Denver Register* received permission from the recipient to print it.

"At last I am in the enclosure and feel a sense of relief after the strain of the last few weeks. I am very happy. All here is sweet and beautiful. I drove down to Carmel with relatives for 160 miles, reaching Santa Clara on the evening of January 15. I stayed with Sister Gertrude that night.

"The ceremonies and customs when one is entering are most impressive. I kissed the crucifix and put on the dress of a postulant, and after visiting the choir and the little chapel of Our Lady, met the Sisters at recreation. I was taken to my cell (the old monastic name for the room of a religious). For three days, during certain hours, I was hostess to the community here, each of the nuns paying me a visit. It was lovely to become acquainted with them. Sister Emmanuel, who, you will remember as Alice Monaghan of the Cathedral parish, was among my visitors. She asked about all her Denver friends. She seems not the least changed and is as sweet and beautiful and as natural in her manner as when we knew her as a girl in the Cathedral school.

"Surely there is unequaled happiness in Carmel. Faces ever smile. This garden bower seems far removed from the world I left yesterday. The monastery and garden are gorgeous. The spacious enclosed garden abounds with all varieties of trees. The flowers bloom even now. There is a grotto with a life-size picture of the Little Flower, an exquisite crayon portrait by one of the sisters. I am very, very happy."

The recipe for perpetual ignorance is to be satisfied with current opinions and content with the resultant knowledge.

Conceit is a weed that grows best in barren soil. And yet it never seems to lack acreage.

Pointed Paragraphs

A SAINT FOR OUR DAY

The home! Since time immemorial it has been the theme of the poet's song. It brought a response from every heart. It was a sanctuary next in holiness to the Church where God dwells in His Sacrament.

As long as it held this position it was well with the world. But now one of the plagues of America is the decay of the home.

Why is crime on the increase—juvenile crime? Because the pillars of the home have crumbled and only ruins of it remains. Why is faith and religion and a religious sense waning in the midst of churches and schools? Because the home has fallen into decay. Why do our young people fairly change night into day and crowd the starlit houses with amusements that would make the stars blush? Because darkness has fallen on the home. This is the conviction of all serious thinkers today.

St. Joseph—the foster father of Jesus—was the head of the holiest home upon earth. Let us turn once more to the ideal home of Nazareth and take the humble carpenter as the patron of our homes. St. Joseph—head of the Home of Nazareth—make our homes homes again by instilling in them the spirit of Nazareth.

Be it palace or cottage, it matters not. As four walls do not make a prison, so neither do four walls, no matter how richly decorated, make a home. It is the spirit of mutual love, esteem, helpfulness, interest, dependance, confidence and the blessing of God brought in by religion, and Christ in the home. May St. Joseph bring Him to the homes of our land, as he brought Him safely back from Egypt.

MARCH 17

In days gone by it was the vogue to describe St. Patrick's Day as an occasion for a multitude of banquets accompanied by more or less vociferous extolling of Ireland's greatness and the achievements of her sons and daughters. And prophecies, eloquent and soul-stirring,

of her future independence and its consequent effect on her history, invariably climaxed each event.

This year, though the banquets may be just as numerous, and the eulogies of past greatness just as eloquent, the prophecies will give place, at least in more thoughtful circles, to a sincere prayer that the internecine war now tending to disrupt the nation and nullify the efforts of those who have died that Ireland might live, may see speedy termination. Calm counsel aided by the light of God's Providence is needed to solve a problem that is daily growing more complex.

Now, as never before, the influence of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Columbkille and the host of other patrons of the beloved green isle, is needed, that the soubriquet of Isle of Saint and Sage may not perforce be changed to the Isle of Slayers of Men.

St. Patrick, protect and guide your chosen isle.

HEROES AND HEROINES

Take up a daily paper and read about the great people of the day. Before your eyes are flaunted on the sporting page champion bowlers, curlers, football players, basket ball players, runners, skaters, card players and what not. They are made heroes. On another page are all the stars of the stage and film-land. They are heroes and heroines. On the society page are the pictures of those who have been engaged or married or who have functioned at some ball or festivity. They, too, are held up, ostensibly, for your admiration. And on the first page are all the suicides, murders and divorces, and even they are only too often invested with the trappings of heroism.

It is a sad commentary on American standards of greatness.

By contrast, I have always admired the Denver Catholic *Register*, where I have again and again seen headlines such as this one: "Three More Local Girls to be Sisters; High School Gives More Vocations," or this: "Faces Ever Smiling in Carmel Convent, Writes Denver Girl Who Joins Austere Sisterhood."

How refreshing after the "Heroism" of our daily papers. And right here is where other editors might learn a lesson. Why is it that stars of film-land or baseball-dom or pugilism gain such a hold on the popular mind that even our lads and lassies have their favorites and acquire a sort of reverent feeling for them? It is due chiefly to the prominence given them in the papers.

Now our girls and boys who give up all for God and give their young lives for the well-being of others are heroines and heroes a thousand times greater and nobler than those featured in our papers. We admire them in our hearts, we who think sincerely. Why do not our young people feel toward them as heroes and heroines? Because nobody seems to take notice of them. We take it too much as a matter of course.

We commend heartily the policy of the *Denver Catholic Register*. Give us more of it. Let the light shine. Let us know our heroic young men and women and let us admire them. They are champions of the highest type.

If the former propaganda leads some to run away to Hollywood to the danger of their virtue, honor and salvation, the latter may lead some to take the road to real happiness and service.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH DAD

There is evidence of his existence; ample evidence. Somewhere in a corner of some room stands a well-worn arm-chair; deeply compressed from frequent usage, with perhaps one of the arms slightly out of place; "Dad's chair." There is the pipe rack with a motley assortment of old corn-cobs and briars and possibly a tobacco jar somewhere in the vicinity. But above all, there is the weekly or semi-monthly check or roll of bills testifying to Dad's active participation in the economic upkeep of the establishment. And only too often, the realization of Dad's existence ceases with a cursory notice of that same meager evidence.

Maybe the pipes are strong; perhaps the cigar ashes fall on the carpet too often to allow any weight even to the old alibi that "it is good to keep the moths out"; mayhap he has a few mannerisms that are not quite in accord with the dictates of "modern" culture; but Dad is Dad for all that.

And it isn't a bad idea to give more than an occasional thought to Dad, now while the thinking is good rather than to wait till it must be done with flowers and mourning cards. Besides, the Fourth Commandment states clearly: "Thou shalt honor thy father—and thy mother." No exception.

LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE

When the attack on the parochial school in Oregon became crucial, the Hon. Dudley G. Wooten, a sterling convert, was called from Seattle to conduct the Catholic campaign against the proposed school law. His work was declared by one who witnessed his efforts to have been simply splendid.

After the tyrannical measure had been carried and the defenders of liberty and parents' rights were defeated, Mr. Wooten wrote his impressions of the campaign in the Seattle Catholic paper. From his article we quote the following paragraph:

"One noticeable fact stands out from the whole struggle. Wherever an open, bold, uncompromising fight was made by Catholics, in the proper spirit of loyalty to the great American principles of religious freedom and equality, and in the defense of the natural rights of parenthood, the result was favorable. But wherever a 'pussyfooting,' 'gumshoe,' compromising method of campaigning was preserved, disaster and defeat were overwhelming. The adoption of the bill was defeated in the Ku Klux strongholds of Jackson and Umatilla counties by the former course of conduct, while it was carried by immense majorities in Douglas and Coos counties where the contrary policy prevailed."

The lesson is valuable for us. Let us learn from the past and be prepared to meet the next attack on our rights by an open, bold, uncompromising fight in the spirit of loyalty to the great American principles of religious freedom and equality.

EFFECTIVE CENSORSHIP

When all is said and done, the public holds the most effective and practical censorship in the nickles and dimes and quarters it pours into the box office coffers of the theaters. Let the stream of money cease when an undesirable play is exhibited—and watch it die. Money talks—even when the law might be unaccountably silent.

Blessed are they who know when to let well enough alone. Particularly when the well enough belongs to somebody else.

"Two women can't be happy if neither is a good listener."

Our Lady's Page

THE LIGUORIAN HONORED

One of the most consoling of all the titles of our Blessed Lady is the title of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Our Lady has been familiar to Catholics in all parts of the world for long years under this name. In recent times the devotion has become so popular that a bulletin of the devotion and of the doings of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Help has repeatedly been asked for.

At the recent meeting of all the Rectors of the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorist Fathers, it was decided to make the LIGUORIAN the official organ of the devotion and of the Archconfraternity.

The meeting took place shortly after the solemn Novena held in Rock Church, St. Louis. The Novena attracted so much attention and accomplished so much good, that the need of such a bulletin became obvious.

The LIGUORIAN, appearing each month, will therefore serve as a bond between the members of the confraternity all over the United States, and will help to foster and spread the devotion in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

A GREAT EVENT

Year after year Rock Church (Redemptorist), St. Louis, is the scene of a solemn Novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. And year after year ever greater crowds have been drawn to the celebration. Last July, in the heat of summer, the average attendance at the daily service in the afternoon and evening was about 3,800 people. During that Novena 8,000 thanksgivings for spiritual and temporal favors granted through our Lady's intercession, were received and announced. It was most inspiring as a tribute to Our Lady.

The Novena held this year, however, from January 7 to 15, surpassed everything seen heretofore. The Rev. Andrew F. Browne, C.Ss.R. (Chaplain in the U. S. Air Service during the World War), who is now Spiritual Director of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady

of Perpetual Help, was in charge of the Novena devotions. Services were held in the afternoon at three o'clock, and every evening at seven and eight fifteen o'clock. The Rev. Michael Pathe, C.Ss.R., preached the sermons, which consisted of an "Exposition of the Hail Mary."

At these devotions the average attendance was about seven thousand; while at the closing exercise on January 15th, the ushers reported over eight thousand as their actual count—the exact figures being eight thousand and six. Aisles, sanctuary and sacristies of the large church were filled at each service, and many who came late were unable to obtain entrance to the church until after the services.

During the Novena twenty thousand thanksgivings were received and announced—twenty thousand acknowledgments of spiritual and temporal favors attributed by the recipients to the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The Archconfraternity counts twenty-five thousand members, and is rapidly growing.

THE MEANING OF THE PICTURE

A careful and intelligent study of the picture reveals deep and touching meanings.

The central figure is the Divine Child. The Mother simply presents Him to us—as is her ordinary function. She brings Christ to us, and leads us to Him.

The Divine Child is looking upward, evidently at the vision of the two Angels. The one, Gabriel, the Angel of the Annunciation, holds up to the Child's gaze the Cross and the Nails of the Passion; the other, Michael, presents to His view the Reed, the Sponge and the Spear. A little detail must not escape our attention: the sandal on the Child's left foot is unfastened and hangs loose. Over the Child's face passes a look of fear and distress.

Evidently, the vision foreshadowing His Passion, terrified the Divine Child. For while He was God, He was also man, and His human nature was, like ours, susceptible to feelings of fear, of pain, of sadness and distress. In His distress, like any human child, He seeks for help; he runs to His Mother with such haste that the sandal is loosened as He is caught up in her rescuing arms. And with His right hand He clutches, in childlike fashion, His mother's hand.

The artist's vision is not entirely fictitious. Our Divine Saviour was fully aware of His Passion to come and His references to it in the course of His preaching and conversations with the Apostles, show that the thought of it never left His mind. In this were fulfilled the words of the Psalmist (Ps. 37:18): "My sorrow is ever before me."

The Child's distress is only another instance of an agony similar to that He was to endure in the Garden of Olives when His Passion was imminent. As everything in Our Lord's life was meant to be a lesson to us, so here the lessons are obvious.

The Divine Child seems to say to us from the picture: "Behold, I am giving you an example, that as I have done, you, too, may do. Learn of Me how to act when you are in sorrow and trouble—learn of Me to seek help where I, your elder Brother, sought and found it—in My blessed Mother's arms; for she is truly your mother as well as Mine, and she will be sure to help you in all your needs, as she helped Me, if only you have recourse to her as I had recourse to her in My childhood hour of Agony."

Again the portrayal of the instruments of the Passion, held aloft before the eyes of the Divine Child, is not without its meaning for us.

"Behold," Jesus seems to say, "how sorrow filled My life even from childhood. This sorrow I bore for your sake: to merit for you the pardon of your sins—to win for you the strength of grace to persevere in God's love and friendship through all the temptations and dangers of life—and to teach you to bear your cross with Me."

Turn, then, to the image of Our Lady, who is represented in the picture in half-figure. A careful glance will show that she is looking not at her Child, but straight at the one who kneels at her feet—some suffering soul who has come to invoke her aid. The expression of her face, though most amiable, is also sad, earnest and even reproachful. Realizing that one thing only was the cause of His Passion—sin—she seems to say to us:

"Yes, wayward child, come you also to me, like my Divine Son; I welcome you as a mother; but show yourself a child. Understand well that before my intercession with Jesus can avail anything, you must resolve to stop sinning, you must first have at least the desire to cease doing that which caused the cruel vision of the instruments of Crucifixion. Only stay at my feet, and I shall obtain for you a true hatred of sin."

Catholic Events

Members of the German hierarchy have been advised of a new donation of 600,000 lire, made by the Pope to relieve the distress of the poverty stricken people of Germany. The money is to be distributed among the various dioceses on the basis of their proportional populations.

* * *

His Holiness has also sent 100,000 Italian lire, or about \$20,000, to the Rt. Rev. Giorgio Calavassy at Constantinople, to be used for the relief of Greek refugees in Asia Minor. As the refugees were almost entirely without clothing and with the cold season coming, the Bishop, after a conference with representatives of the Greek Catholic Union of Men, decided to use the money to supply them with clothing and blankets to protect them against the rigors of the winter season.

* * *

Five Japanese have been recently decorated by the Holy Father. Two of these are members of the imperial household. Two others are attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. One has just been named ambassador to the United States. The fifth is a Knight of the Japanese Imperial Guard.

* * *

In the Second Encyclical of his Pontificate, Pope Pius XI, "after mature deliberation, nominates, confirms and declares" St. Francis de Sales as Patron Saint and Protector of Catholic writers and newspaper men. He writes:

"From the solemn occurrence of the date (tercentenary) of the death of St. Francis, advantage should be taken by all Catholics who deal with the publication of newspapers and other writings to illustrate and defend Christian doctrines. It is necessary for them in their discussions to imitate and maintain that vigor, with moderation which was characteristic of St. Francis. Above all, let them study with diligence, and let them arrive at inward knowledge of Christian doctrine; let them take trouble over the style and elegance of their writings; let them give effort to expressing their thoughts in such a way that the truth may attract the reader, too, and finally, if they must fight their adversaries, let them refute their arguments in such a way as to show that they are animated by rectitude and moved by charity."

* * *

The Gregorian Calendar is now in vogue in Greece according to advices received in London. Although all the world has been using this calendar inaugurated by Pope Gregory XIII, Russia always refused to accept it.

* * *

The appearance of distinguished representatives of the Catholic

Church in many parts of Russia in connection with the papal relief work has brought to the forefront again the question of whether or not a friendly approach toward a reconciliation of the schismatic Eastern Church with Rome is possible. But a Yugoslav Catholic priest thus sums up the situation:

"Considering nothing but the natural means, one should be satisfied with having obtained some sort of co-operation on the part of both churches. That will be possible when the Orthodox churches continue to cast off the typical state church spirit. Even today, a complete reunion seems to be a very far ideal, historical evolution having caused—in spite of the same sacraments, and of similarity of liturgy and teaching—such deep dissensions, that it seems to be more widely separated in many regards, than Catholics and Protestants."

* * *

Meanwhile the Soviet Government is proceeding with its plan to rob the people of all religion. The Government has established a paper called *The Atheist*. Trained speakers go from school to school teaching the children to sing hymns taken from atheistic writers. This is only the second phase of their attack on religion. Since 1917 the Government claims to have executed 1,766,118 persons, of whom 1,250 were Bishops and priests.

* * *

And still the grand procession goes on! Recent reports mention a number of interesting conversions to the Faith; interesting especially because of the widely separated districts they represent. In England, the Marchioness of Queensbury has entered the church; the North is represented by Baron Rosenkranz, a distinguished member of Denmark's leading families, and Mr. Kilian Gudjonssen-Laxnes, a young native of Iceland, who entered the church recently. In the Far East, the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith reports a total of 86,000 Chinese received into the Church during 1922; and the conversion of a prominent Arakanese Buddhist of Bengal serves to call attention to the decline of Buddhism in that region. Turning again to Europe—England and Wales show a gain of 33,796 in Catholic population.

* * *

That the charitable work of the Rev. Timothy Dempsey in St. Louis, Mo., is producing results is shown by the annual report of the three institutions which he conducts. The total receipts for the three were \$31,130.15 and the expenditures \$32,211.78, showing a total deficit of \$1,081.63. The total number of lodgings was 81,753, including 2,130 free lodgings. Free meals were given to 8,395 persons and employment was found for 787. And the only "overhead" is the self-sacrificing zeal of a true priest.

* * *

An unusual scene was witnessed at the fashionable seaside resort of Brighton, England, recently when Dr. Bede Jarret, Provincial of the English Dominicans, engaged in debate with the Rev. Limbrick, secretary of the Protestant Reformation Society, the topic being "The Open Bible." Father Hugh Pope, also a Dominican and an orator of

note, was the occasion if not the cause of the discussion when he declared that "The open Bible was the greatest curse of England." An interesting element was injected into the debate when the Protestant clergyman singled out the presence of Religious Orders within the church as proof that even in the Catholic Church there were rival denominations!

* * *

Mrs. Mae Ella Nolan, widow of the late Congressman Nolan of California, who was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her husband, is the first Catholic woman to be elected to the Congress of the United States.

* * *

A striking evidence of the universality of the Catholic Church and the deep hold it has on the people was shown in Goa, India, on the occasion of a recent celebration in honor of the missionary-saint, St. Francis Xavier. The body of the saint, incorrupt for centuries, was the object of public veneration since December 3. It is estimated that more than 150,000 Catholics from all parts of India assisted at the ceremonies with which the exposition of the body was inaugurated. One remarkable cure reported during the exposition was that of a Protestant pilgrim, Daniel Bakter, whose eyesight was restored after nineteen years of total blindness.

* * *

Governor Smith of New York is living up to the expectations of the huge majority who placed him in office. When Mayor Hackett of Albany put a stop to the efforts of the American Birth Control League to have the notorious Mrs. Sanger present her views before the public of Albany, he was immediately made the target of vituperation and criticism. An appeal was made to the governor, who reiterated his views on "Home Rule" and let the municipal authorities handle the case. Which they did efficiently.

In Baltimore, a similar attempt to spread the same nefarious doctrines met with a like result. Although Mrs. Sanger addressed an audience of about 500 at the Belvedere Hotel, police officials could find nothing in her address that was objectionable or contrary to existing statutes. Between the K. K. K., the Birth Control League, the Prohibition enforcement, the anti-cigarette movement, and the pursuit of grafters, American officialdom has its hands full.

* * *

Rev. Mother Mary James, superior general of the Philadelphia community of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which embraces the archdiocese of Harrisburg and Trenton, died at Villa Maria Convent, the mother-house of the order. She was seventy-two years old and had spent fifty-three years in the convent.

Another record of long service in the Master's vineyard comes to light with the announcement of the death of Sister Mary Aloysius Code, who for many years was superior of the Providence Row Night Refuge which provides shelter for the down-trodden in the East End of London. She had spent 62 years in the service of the Master, as a Sister of Mercy.

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

When I try to fast, I have headaches and am not able to perform my housework, hence I think that I am not obliged to fast, but I am not certain. If I am not obliged to fast, I would like to do something else. Could you suggest some other ways of doing penance?

You are right in thinking that you are not obliged to fast during Lent. The Church is a reasonable mother and does not expect her children to ruin their health or incapacitate themselves for their daily work by her law of fasting.

With regard to other ways of doing penance, there are many that will benefit the soul and do no harm to the body. Such are for example: prompt rising in the morning; conquering sloth; keeping silence when tempted to engage in gossip; guarding the eyes against curiosity; abstaining from candy and delicacies; reading less of the newspapers and light literature; not going to the theatre; attending the evening Lenten services; going to bed early, so as to get up in the morning to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There is, of course no explicit law of the church demanding these little sacrifices, but it is certainly in accordance with the spirit of Lent, especially in the case of one, who cannot keep the strict law of the fast prescribed.

Why are the bells rung at the Gloria of the mass on Holy Saturday morning, when our Lord did not rise from dead until Sunday morning?

When the Gloria is intoned during the mass on Holy Saturday morning, the bells are again rung, after their silence from Holy Thursday morning, because the Church is anticipating the joy and triumph of Easter. In the early Church, the ceremonies preceding the mass itself, the blessing of the

New Fire, the blessing of the Paschal Candle, the blessing of the Baptismal Water were begun at sunset on Saturday. On this occasion also the catechumens or converts were baptized; the ceremonies of solemn baptism together with the other ceremonies and the reading of the prophecies from Holy Scripture occupied the greater part of the night, so that the usual time for mass on Easter Sunday morning still found the faithful in church.

Consequently the mass was immediately begun with out any interruption. The Greeks still spend the whole night in the church singing psalms and reading lessons from the Holy Scriptures until the hour for mass after sunrise, but in the Latin Church the usage gradually ceased in the course of time.

The time for the services was advanced from sunset on Saturday to the morning, and hence we have the different blessings and ceremonies, terminating with the mass and a short Vespers, the ringing of the bells and the singing of the Allelujas many hours ahead of the ancient celebration.

May one receive Holy Communion on the First Friday, if prevented from going to confession on the day before, provided that one has gone to confession on the previous Saturday?

That all depends on the state of a person's soul. If no mortal sin has been committed since the confession on Saturday, one certainly may go to Holy Communion again, without going to confession; in fact if one has the practice of receiving communion on the First Fridays, the mere fact, that one has not the opportunity of going to confession should not deter them from receiving. However, if mortal sin has been committed, it ordinarily would be a sacrilege to go to communion, without first going to confession.

Some Good Books

The Prayer Book of Eucharistic Devotions. Compiled and amplified by Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. New York. Price, \$1.50.

Another Praybook, I can almost hear someone say with a tone of scorn. But, when I reflect on the number of novels and essays and so-called books of good cheer, constantly pouring from the press and apparently finding readers (perhaps my dear critic is among them) I cannot help thinking: more of them and yet more. They are more truly books of good cheer than anything the profane press can offer.

And in these days of frequent communion, a prayerbook such as the one Father O'Brien gives us is all the more to be welcomed warmly. Especially will it be helpful to devout Catholics who are given to the practice of visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and the Holy Hour. And it is to be desired that our Catholics, especially in cities, who have opportunities to visit Our Lord often, would make use of these precious opportunities.

Some Fallacies of Modern Sociology. By Rev. Albert Muntsch, S. J. Published by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein.

This pamphlet is No. 14 of the Timely Topics Series published by the Central Bureau. It is indeed a timely topic. Sociology has become one of the most popular of studies. Because it concerns itself with man, it is moreover a field in which false ideas can easily enter and with damage to religion or morals.

Ordinarily, too, the damage is due to the cocksureness with which compilers of text-books propound their so-called scientific theories—making more dogmas than all the Popes and Councils of the Church ever thought of making.

Father Muntsch takes up some typical modern text-books and submits their statements to examination.

"The Words of Our Lady." By F. William (Hanly) O. S. F. C. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. New York. Price \$1.45.

To look at photograph of mother is something that every child does repeatedly—especially if that mother is no more to be seen.

To every Catholic heart it must be a source of special delight to look at the image of his heavenly Mother, Our Lady.

In the book before us, Father William unfolds a most interesting, attractive picture of her. And it was a happy thought that prompted him to draw that picture not from imagination, but of the thoughts which she herself has left us as a precious heritage, in her recorded words.

Words of our mother—it has never struck me with such force. Precious words that make Our Lady live more vividly in our minds—that make her more intimately known to us in all the qualities of her sweet yet strong character.

"St. Ignatius Loyola. Imitator of Christ." By John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New York. Price \$1.60.

There are many lives of St. Ignatius on the market, but this one has something distinctive about it which commands attention anew.

In the first place it is not a long biography. It can easily be read in a short while.

And still it is very complete in as much as salient events are all touched and a good idea given of them.

Besides human traits are not omitted. It is a very personal and intimate character sketch, which leaves one with a better idea of St. Ignatius himself, than many larger biographies might. It shows the development of his work and his spirit penetrating all.

It is finally well written—with a modern touch about it that appeals.

Kenedy & Sons have given it very careful attention and made an attractive book out of it.

Lucid Intervals

It was in the little but overcrowded classroom of an East Side New York public school. The teacher looked out upon a group of eager faces as she put the question:

"And now, children, can any of you tell me what is a stoic?"

Only one hand went up.

"Does only Abie Glutz know what a stoic is?"

"Well, Abie, tell your classmates what is a stoic?"

"Please, teacher," said Abie triumphantly. "A stoic is a boid whot brings th' babies."

The minister was warming to his subject. "All of yoh," he fulminated, "unless yoh repent, will be cast into outah darkness, and wail and gnash yoh teeth."

"I aint done got no teeth, sah," interrupted an old man.

"Dey is goin' to be supplied, suh," answered the minister.

A gentlemanly looking peddler entered a business man's office and coughed slightly to attract attention. The occupant of the office kept at his work until he reached a convenient stopping place, and then turned abruptly to his caller. "Well," he asked, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm introducing," the peddler began, "a patent electric hairbrush—"

"What do I want with a hairbrush?" growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your lady, perhaps—"

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you may have at home a little child—"

"We have. It's one month old and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the peddler. "But," he persisted, "maybe you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man. "A hairless Chinese dog."

The peddler dived into another

pocket. "Allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in fly-paper."

A Little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is 10 cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'Darn' again."

"All right, Mother," he said, as he took the money, "I promise."

As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said: "Say, Mother, I know a word that's worth 50 cents."

It was during the impaneling of a jury; the following colloquy occurred: "You are a property-holder?" Yes, your honor. "Married or single?" "I have been married for five years, your honor." "Have you formed or expressed any opinion?" "Not for five years, your honor."

"I don't believe there are germs in kisses," said the young man.

"For that you may have a kiss," said the girl. "Nor do I believe there are bacteria in ice cream."

Then it was his move.

Young Wife—I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the cooking-college today, and I've cooked this for you. Now guess what it is.

Husband (with slab of omelet between his teeth)—The diploma.

Servant (from next door)—Please, mum, missus sends her compliments, and will you let your daughter sing and play the piano this afternoon?

Lady—Why, certainly. Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it.

Servant—Oh, it isn't that, mum; she's expecting a visit from the landlord, and she wants some excuse for asking a reduction on the rent.

"Is soup a good food?"

"Soup isn't a food, it's a language."